O that my heart would burſt. The bloody proclamation
To eſcape that followed me ſo neere,
(O our liues ſweetneſſe, that with the paine of death
VVould hourely dye, rather then dye at once)
Taught me to ſhift into a mad-mans rags,
To aſſume a ſemblance that very dogges diſdain'd:
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
The precious ſtones new loſt; Became his guide,
Led him, begd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire.
Neuer (O Father) reueald my ſelfe vnto him,
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I askt his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flawd heart
Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport,
Twixt two extremes of paſſion, ioy and greeſe,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mooued me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on,
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be any more more wofull, hold it in.
For I am almoſt readie to diſſolue.

Edg. This would haue ſeem'd a period to ſuch
As loue not ſorrow, but another to amplifie too much,
VVould make much more, and top extremity.
VVhilſt I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
VVho hauing ſeene me in my worſt eſtate,
Shund my abhord ſociety: but then finding
Who twas that ſo indur'd, with his ſtrong armes
He faſtened on my necke, and bellow'd out
As hee'd burſt heauen, threw me on my father,
And told the pitteous tale of *Lear* and him,
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting
His greefe grew puiſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets ſounded,
And there I left him traunſt.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg.

Edg. *Kent* ſir, the baniſht K
Followed his enemy king, an
Improper for a ſlaue.

Enter one wi

Gent. Helpe, helpe.
Alb. What kinde of helpe
Gent. Its hot, it ſmokes, it
Alb. Who man? ſpeake.
Gent. Your Lady ſir, your
By her is poyſon'd: ſhe has co
Baſt. I was contracted to
Now marry in an inſtant.
Alb. Produce their bodies
This iuſtice of the heauens th
Touches not with pity.
Edg. Here comes *Kent* ſir
Alb. O tis he, the time wi
The complement that very m
Kent. I am come to bid my
Is he not heere?
Alb. Great things of vs for
king, and wher's *Cordelia*? Se

The bodies of Gonori

Kent. Alacke, why thus.
Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was bel
my ſake, and after ſlew her ſe
Alb. Euen ſo, couer their
Baſt. I pant for life: ſome
owne nature. Quickly ſen
Writ, tis on the life of *Lear*, &
Alb. Run, run, O run.
Edg. To who my Lord? wh
Send thy token of repreeue.
Baſt. Well thought on, ta
Alb. Haſt thee for thy life.
Baſt. He hath commiſſion
delia in the priſon, and to lay

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34